

AN
ACCOUNT OF THE
DISORDERLY
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Of Some of the MINISTERS of this present
CHURCH, and their Way of Baptizeing Chil-
dren without consent of the Father, I Refer
my self to the Christian Reader, Whether or
not this Levels at, and takes away the Prero-
gatives of the Father,

K
I Robert Ker (Wright) Composed these fol-
lowing Lines in the Prison House of Dolketh;
amongst the rest of my other Writings
1711.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by John Reid in Bells Wynd.
Anno DOM. 1711.

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THE HISTORY OF THE
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Some Remarks and Observations, and my
Judgements, and Sentiments upon a Lord
in Niddesdale, and Mr. Rae a Minister
there.

I Was in Niddesdale on a Day,
My Heart began to sink and say;
Upon the eighteen Day of June,
This Verses then I did write down,
When I was on the Sanker side.
I did begin on a Brae side,
There is a Lord in Niddesdale;
I heard of him a dreadful Tale,
There is some Books into that place,
It Savours nothing of GODs Grace,
There has been Men into our Land,
That ever did this Book withstand,
If ye were standing in that Hall.
You might perceive a Priest of Baal,
The Godlie in the Days of old,
This Service Books could not athold,
I think it does full well agree,
Exactlie with the Roman Sea.

This Book it does keep Men secure:
 It comes out from that Babels Whore:
 Inded it grees well with this day,

Now when Corruption bears the sway:

The cup that makes them most to stink,

It is a cup of or a Sea Drank.

When they with it confer t Night,

At Morn their Stomak is not Right.

Untill they get an Augment in,

Of Liquor for to cool their Passion,

If I shall live but two three Year,

This corrupt Book shall not bide here.

As I came wehsing on the Rode,

At length I came into Kirk Bride,

And there I sat me down to rest,

And thought what way I should go best.

I thought that Minister he did straie,

And did not look like the right way,

If he a Right Watch Man were Bred,

Durst he take up the Printer Trade,

Although that Paul wrought with his hands,

The case is not so in our Lands,

They have Sufficient Stipends here,

That may suffice them for their Hyre,

This is nothing like the Godlies way,

For Ministers ought to Preach and Pray

Oh, he's selling Souls for Love of Gear,

No other thing he can do here,

C 5 9
His Name is Master Peter Rae,
I think he is gone far astray,
Indeed he's gone to seek a Man,
To teach him when he does go wrong,
He does the Printing Trade now try,
The Minister trade he should lay by,
Is it agreeable to his Station,
He should not have that Occupation,
What way will his poor Sheep be Feed,
When he is at the Printing trade,
He cannot be faithful to the People,
According as its in the Bible.
Indeed the People in this Age,
They are very good for such Blades,
They care not how few truths they Preach,
Nor yet how smoothlie they do teach,
Their Service Books they will be mae,
I doubt that Printer Peter Rae.

nds, A Short Hint of some DISORDERS
of some MINISTERS of the Present
CHURCH, 1711.

By Robert Ker, Wright in Leswead,

[Need there is Ministers in this Land,
There's some of them will brake a Band.

I shall let you understand the matter,
 As clear as I can write in Paper,
 There is a Minister in Lelwade,
 I dwell my self beside the Bridge,
 My wife she did bring forth a Child,
 When I was lying in the Feal,
 It seems her self she was not eated,
 Untill she got the Child Baptized,
 Mr. Burner is the only Man,
 That has Occasioned me this wrong,
 How ever indifferent to him it be,
 Its matter of Sorrow unto me,
 This was contrar to my mind,
 But yet my wife she was inclined,
 To have the Child Baptized with him,
 And speedlie to him did Run,
 The Man that did take on that Vow:
 Has no more Judgement then a Cow,
 John Alexander they call his name;
 A Man of no great worth nor fame,
 He is a Drunkard and does lie,
 And he does strick his wife all three:
 This is no good Parron to my Child,
 I'm sure they have me all beguild,
 Is not this a breakink o' GODs Law?
 And my Prorogatives teen away?
 Is not this contrar GODs Direction;
 For he bides Wives be in Subjection?

Does not that affront me very sore,
 And makes me wounder more and more,
 If there were a right Church in our Land,
 I think they would take him throw hand.
 Does it not procure a Desolation,
 Upon the Marraige Bands Relation,
 Is not this a lousing of the Marriage Bonds,
 The contrarie Expressly GOD Commands,
 Does not GOD say in his written Law,
 See that no Man do part them twa,
 If I do not get Satisfaction,
 I thro Gods strength will end this Faction.
 If the Church give me not Compensation,
 I shall pray for an Desolation,
 Upon the cut Throats of Mens Souls,
 And help for to put on their Mules,
 Do not mistake me in my Papers,
 I do not write for Private matters,
 I am for the publick all along,
 As long as I know that GOD is strong,
 These Ministers like nothing here,
 But brave wives and wealth of other gear,
 Theres Men amongst them of no great fame,
 But amongst these that Loves to have a Name
 Men to have a Name for to live here,
 And yet the contrar I shall bear.
 In the Morning of th^e Judgement Day,
 When every Man shall know their way,

ey Baptize our Children in their way,
 not according as GOD says,
 ey do not bind us to right Vowes,
 that end Banishment comes to us,
 the way that GODs word to me does say,
 the only Rule and Rightest way
 the Covenants they do all forget,
 they do mind their Form see,
 their way indeed they do us Ty.
 the old Reformation they deny
 we are all obliged in GODs Sight,
 train our Children up in Light,
 according to the Scriptures way,
 at once was in promise in our Day,
 ey tye us new as I do true.
 the Reformation that is now,
 wondering where could they have found it
 ink they been at Room about it,
 their Reformation I cannot see,
 the Scriptures does not to agree,
 they can find but me one Age.
 instance me one single page,
 the Reformation that is now,
 I shall soon yeild and bow,
 I ad no more about this paper,
 I shall write some other matter.

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